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## Notice of Elections

to the 13-man task force to re-constitute  
the college Senate  
Nominations open Dec. 3, 9 a.m. to Dec. 5, p.m.  
1 student from each faculty  
Elections on Monday, December 8,  
10 a.m. - 3 p.m.  
Submit all nominations to John Noonan,  
Registrar

Pity those to whom Christmas  
is an ordinary day.  
For them life is ordinary.

Pity those who find no meaning  
in Christmas.  
For their lives are meaningless.

Pity those who take and never  
give.  
For if everyone gave, then all  
would receive, and no one would  
have to take.

Pity those who give so many  
gifts without ever giving of  
themselves.

Pity those who use the love  
of others  
For they shall never know true  
love.

Aragorn

# AGAPE

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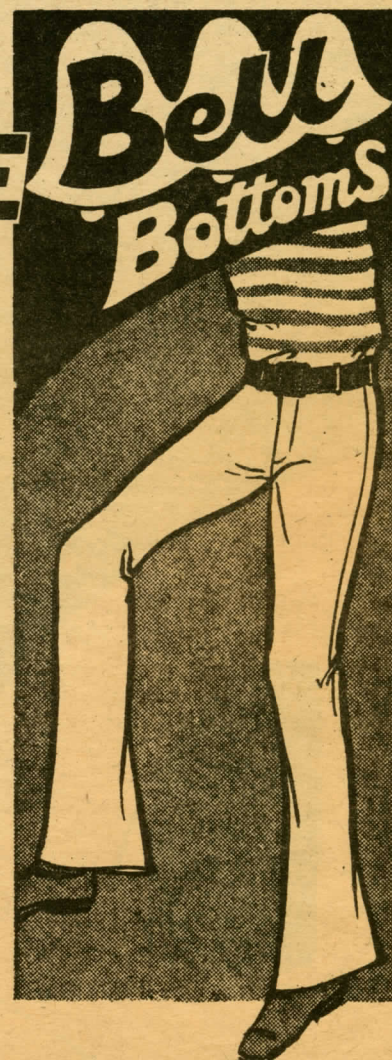
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# Howard Pitterson & Company

Howard Pitterson graduated from Loyola College in 1967 with a Bachelor of Commerce degree. Today he dances the lead male role in "Romeo and Juliet" with the Metropolitan Ballet of Canada.

Obviously, Howard Pitterson was not cut out for the business world. He started dancing only four years ago, which is extremely late for a ballet dancer, who generally say they have been dancing since they took their first toddle at the tender age of two. But that did not hold Mr. Pitterson back, for he is now an accomplished lead dancer who is being recognized in the theatre as indeed a **very good** dancer! His physique (wow!) is that of a natural, although there are an average of eight to ten hours of practice per day behind it. Even in street clothes he moves and speaks with the grace and strength of a top ballet dancer.

Mr. Pitterson is a charming individual who is dedicated and enthusiastic about his profession. This is his biggest year. He possesses that special kind of charisma and presence that must have helped him in his career and compliment his definite dancing ability. He is self-confident and aware.

When the subject of the Metropolitan Ballet of Canada came up, his eyes widened and he explained its formation. The director, Eric Hyrst was a soloist who trained with the Royal Ballet of England and later came to Canada to help found Les Grands Ballets Canadiens ten years ago. He married Diane St-Pierre, an ex-dancer, and together they formed the Metropolitan Ballet of Canada. "The girls in the company are very good", he told me. "As a matter of fact" he said with a smile, "I have never seen a company with so



many beautiful girls in it. And you can quote me on that."

Mr. Pitterson left Les Grands Ballets after his initial training because of inadequate advance training for male ballet dancers. He is now dancing his first major role since

he has begun in the field of ballet, and any ballet fan can tell he is well on his way to the top. Howard Pitterson's personal idol is Patricia MacBright, who dances with the New York City Ballet. He described the requirements for a good dancer, which included a lot of self

discipline, the specific visual physique, the technical ability and the subtle synchronization of movements that belong to the dancer's natural movements.

After the company leaves Montreal, they are embarking on a tour that will include Jamaica, Puerto Rico, South America, and Mexico. The twenty members form a flexible group that performs some modern ballet, although they still perform more classical pieces.

"Each type of dance has its own end. They demand self-discipline and have a scope of self-interpretation within the rigidity of the classic plots. Ballet has progressed with the times. It used to be corny, but then so were the times. Ballet is not outdated, it is expanding as the audience expands with its flowing and churning movements."

The Metropolitan Ballet of Canada will be appearing at Place des Arts from December eleventh to the fourteenth.

**PROGRAM "A" L'Homme - a modern ballet devised by two Canadian writers - Walse and Variation by Galusonov excerpts from "Ramunda".**

**PROGRAM "B" Schumann Etude Symphonique Labrynth - an abstract Romeo and Juliet.**

**La Valse - contemporary piece with music by Ravel.**  
**Mozart Symphony No. 40.**

Ballet is relevant and exciting. For the un-initiated who seek an evening of exhilaration. The Metropolitan Ballet of Canada provides classical and contemporary ballet with equal zest and "soul". Howard Pitterson in particular should not be missed.

**Eileen Shea**



## The Pennywhistlers

-recorded

on

Electra

Tuesday night, about 150 people gathered in the beautiful auditorium of the Saidye Bronfman Centre to listen to a group of American women sing East European folk songs. The Pennywhistlers were both harmonious and talented. They immediately relaxed their audience and established a responsive rapport.

Opening the happening with a couple of Yiddish folk ballads, they moved into some more Slavonic material. Before each song, a member of their ensemble would concisely recount the

story that the foreign ballad musically told. Following the Yiddish pieces, the Pennywhistlers beautifully rendered several songs about lovers and romances in Bulgarian, Russian, Yugoslavian, and English.

They were also relevant. One of the members previewed a Yugoslavian resistance song by saying: Resistance songs are as old as resistance itself. This song sadly speaks of the Yugoslavians when they were under Turkish oppression "It's sort of like the Vietnamese peoples whose villages are currently under U.S. aggression". Beautiful!

Just before their last number, one of the group paused to interject: "We, as Americans, would like to thank you, as Canadians, for providing a home for some of our best and finest young men". (loud applause - the audience was primarily middle-aged.)

The Pennywhistlers then did their last number and departed. After a long round of applause, intermingled with a number of "Bravo's" and "Encores", they returned. They offered to sing another number on the condition that somebody dance. The response was amazing! In a few moments, no less than 30 people were doing the European peasant dance meant to accompany the song.

In general, the night was very rewarding. The Pennywhistlers were professionals and seemed to capture the air and atmosphere of an East European peasant village. Apart from lacking the depth of male bass, the show and their music was a definite broadening experience.

P.C.



# Recordings

## Classical



**2001: A Space Odyssey**  
Columbia MS 7176

This is an extremely interesting recording, whether one has seen "2001" or not. Primarily it is intriguing because of the fact that side one ("2001") combines classical and modern electronic music, and side two ("Aniara") features electronic music alone.

The particular selections chosen from "2001" by Stanley Kubrick are very descriptive. The opening to R. Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" portrays both the ape man's discovery of weapons and the astronauts final startling evolution. "The Blue Danube Waltz" by J. Strauss, usually

regarded as a description of the antics of nobility, is uniquely employed as background music for a voyage to the moon and the visit to the fantastic space station. Khachaturian's adagio from the "Gayne Ballet Suite, No. 2" whisks us along with two astronauts on a journey to Jupiter.

The quality of the performance of the classical pieces on Side 1 is excellent, which stands to reason since the orchestras featured are the Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic conducted respectively by Eugene Ormandy and Leonard Bernstein. The electronic interludes by Morton Subotnick are... well... interesting.

"Aniara", featured on side two, is described as Karl Birger Blomdahl's "story of a man at the mercy of an electronic brain and of humanity tested in the crucible of the infinite." Totally electronic, this is definitely "head" music.

This record is on sale at the bookstore for \$3.89. **D.M.**



**Jacques Brel Chante**  
Barclay B8013

This chansonnier doesn't sing with his voice alone. He sings with his heart, lungs, liver... everything. As a matter of fact, he doesn't sing. He seduces, wails, celebrates. He takes real situations and expresses them verbally.

Jacques Brel... all this and more.

He was the most popular artist in Francophonia up until his retirement last year at the age of 39... and for good reason.

Brel not only performs on stage as only an authentic chansonnier can but he also composes all his own songs. On this particular record he has also managed to orchestrate all his compositions.

This record shows Brel at his best, performing some of his most popular songs. "Les Bourgeois" (the Middle Class), a drinking song about three young men who get smashed and proceed to disparage the bourgeoisie, is perhaps his most well known song and when he sings it, you can actually see Brel as one of the drunks. The song most adequately demonstrating his style is "Madeleine", a song of unrequited love in which an eternally optimistic suitor waits in vain for the object of his enamours on the street corner.

Brel appears elated at the beginning and then incrementally becomes more and more resigned to reality, as it appears that Madeleine will not show. He finally accepts it and looks hopefully to the next evening which, he convinces himself, she will appear.

One final word. If you were unfortunate enough to witness that bastardization "Jacques Brel Alive And Well And Living In Paris".... listen to this record and hear to the songs as they are supposed to be sung.

This album is available at the bookstore for \$3.29. **D.M.**



**Tchaikovsky: Concert No. 1**  
RCA Victor LSC 2252

This is an amazing record from all points of view. The pianist, Van Cliburn, began his career by performing this work along with Kondrashin and the Moscow Radio Syphony. He performed so well that he was awarded first prize in the Tchaikovsky Competition that he was contesting. Since then, he has been acclaimed world wide as an interpreter par excellence of Tchaikovsky. This is a repeat of that performance. Kiril Kondrashin is resident con-

ductor of the Moscow State Symphony. He is regarded as one of the best maestro's in the world today and demonstrated this in a recent appearance with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra at Place des Arts.

The RCA Victor Orchestra is a conglomerate of musicians from some of the best orchestras in America, something quite evident from their rendition of the concerto on this record. The combination of these three makes for a superb performance of this "war horse" and the sound is amazingly new.

This record can be obtained from the bookstore for \$3.89. **D.M.**



**Monique Leyrac**  
Columbia FL322

The spotlight's en Monique Leyrac.

It's too bad a "feu" could not be generated inside Mlle Leyrac as she unfortunately gives an untypical pallid performance.

Mlle Leyrac performs a pot-pourri of songs by such diverse composers as Niel Chotem, Michel Legrand, Gilles Vigneault and Brecht. She does not come across as she usually does in live performances, perhaps due to the fact that the recording devices inhibited her.

She is renowned for her rendition of Vigneault songs, having won first prize for "Mon Pays" at an European festival in 1966. On this record, she just sings through with no apparent feeling. "Si Les Bateaux", a beautiful song expressing strong emotions. Her rendition of "La Fiancée du Pirate" is pathetic. She sings as if she had a mouth full of marbles and mollasses. It is even worse when you compare it with Judy Collins' rendition of the same song. The rest of the album, though not as bad as the two cuts above, is still nothing spectacular.

I was a Leyrac fan and still am,



but I can't figure out why this record is so bad. Nevertheless she's a great performer and I guess I chose the wrong record.

If you really like catastrophes, this record is available at the bookstore for \$3.69.

**D.M.**



**Spanish Guitar Music**  
Deutsche Grammophon 139-365

For persons who love classical music and the serenity and clarity of a well-played classical guitar, this album is one you'll enjoy. Narciso Yepes is a master of his instrument and touches his strings with a neat clarity. Of course, his interpretation is far more impressive than his ability. The pieces he has chosen, to say the least, are unfamiliar to the average listener, if not totally unknown.

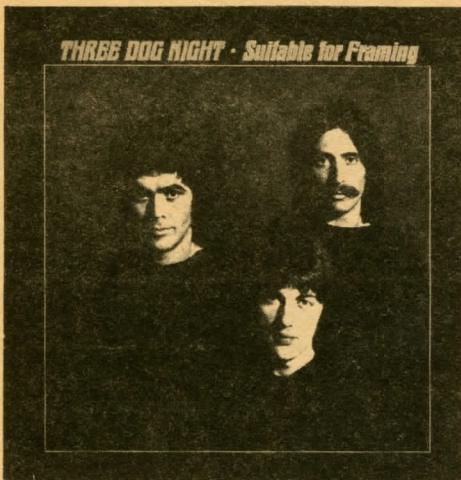
Beginning with the first music ever written for the guitar, then called a **vihuela**, Yepes masterfully captures the simplicity and beauty of the heritage of this string instrument. He executes and understands the works of these great Spanish pioneers, Luy Milan and Alonso Mudarra. Side A is entirely dedicated to the origins of written guitar (i.e. vihuela) music, the 16th century.

The opening work is the Fantasia a piece written for the guitar but based on the harp and "to be played in the manner of Ludovico", the harpist virtuoso of the Spanish Royal Court. The other numbers are musical expressions of the technical and artistic possibilities of the instrument.

Side B has two major works, one of the 17th and one of the 18th century respectively. "Suite Espanola" is a collection of popular European melodies executed by Yepes with great sensitivity. The work was written by Gaspar Sanz in the latter half of the 17th century. Sanz was the outstanding virtuoso of the late Spanish school of guitarists. The second opus on Side B is an adequate interpretation of two harpsichord sonatas written by the great Spanish composer and musical theoretician, Antonio Soler. Yepes arranges these harpsichord sonatas for his classical guitar and executes them beautifully. It is in these two sonatas, both in E-major, that I feel that Yepes is at his best. Throughout the entire album he plays note-perfect, but in this last work he performs with the most intense feeling of the whole record. **P.C.**

All the records reviewed on this page are available at the Bookstore. They are priced on the average at around half the listed retail price. If the desired record is not in stock, see Mr Gore who will arrange to have it ordered.



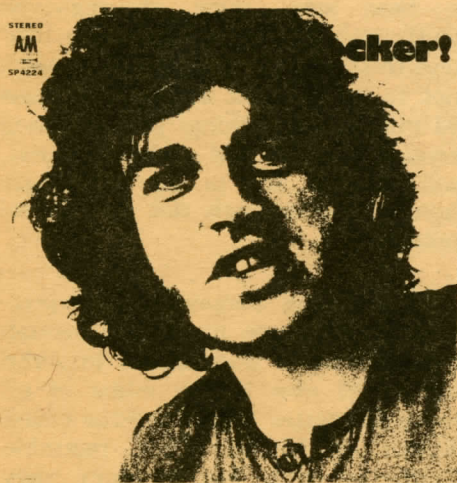


**THREE DOG NIGHT**  
**Suitable For Framing**  
**Dunhill D.S. 50058**

Contrary to what their name suggests, the Three Dog Night are composed of slightly more than three people. Actually, there are seven members in all; the number "Three", I believe, refers to their three singers who each get a crack at lead vocals at one time or another.

The album is rather good, a splendid co-ordination of words and music without any interference, one with the other. Their sense of rhythm and creativity comes out in some beautiful stuff like "Feel-in' Alright?" and "Lady Samantha", etc. and a tribal drum solo called "King Solomon's Mines". They even try a hand at Blues and do a good rendition of an old Sam Cook great, "A Change is Gonna Come".

Then, of course, there are the two No. 1 singles they released (i.e. according to Billboard Magazine ratings): "Easy to be Hard" (borrowed from "Hair") and "Eli's Comin'", the rhythm of which nothing has been able to touch for awhile, except some Abbey Road stuff. Both of these two singles are very heavy and one can be sure that the rest of "Suitable for Framing" is up to par with these two greats. **P.C.**



**JOE COCKER**  
**A & M Records SP4224**

This is Cocker's second album, and although not as exciting as his first, is a better all round recording. His initial effort was characterized by the inclusion of such British greats as Jimmy Page, Stevie Nicks, and Mike Kelly. This second album is almost entirely the workmanship of Leon Russell who wrote two songs, plays piano, and acted as arranger and producer.

The selections include two Beatle compositions, one by Bob Dylan one by John Sabastian, and another by Leonard Cohen. Cocker's back up group is called the Grease Band (including Chris Stainton and guitarist Henry McCulloch from the first album).

Despite the heavy country influen-

ce, this record will not affect Cocker's reputation as one of the finest white blues singers around today. The album opens with an up-tempo rendition of Dylan's "Dear Landlord". Cocker injects some life into this somber and spiritless song, and his interpretation is intense, brutal and totally convincing. "Hitchcock Railway", a rollicking country blues song, is the best cut on the album. It features Russell playing brilliant keyboard and Cocker belting out the lyrics under perfect control. The two Beatle numbers achieve varying degrees of success. "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" comes across well mostly due to Russell's piano. However, "Something" is too heavy and the vocals slur and collide with each other unintelligibly.

Cocker's vocals seemed to have matured since his first LP, and he has much more control over the material "Joe Cocker!" shows him at his best. **Angus Mackay**



**TAJ MAHAL**  
**Columbia G.P. 18**

At a time when the strive for authenticity has reached its peak, Taj Mahal comes through as its greatest exponent. "Giant Step" is an album that explores the roots of country blues and results in the most beautiful and profound collection of this style of music to date.

"Giant Step" is a double album featuring Taj Mahal and a small group playing on the first, and an entirely solo presentation on the second, called "De Ole Folks At Home". Aside from handling the vocals on both records, Mahal plays harmonica, banjo, and Mississippi National steel-bodied acoustic guitar.

"Giant Step" shows Mahal equally at home with heavy blues. "Give Your



## Recordings

### "Rock"

Woman What She Wants"- or with simple, down home country in "Take A Giant Step". He plays all his instruments competently and is especially effective on steel guitar. The drums, guitar, and bass act as subdued, understated accompaniment.

However his most brilliant work is on the second record. The 13 cuts tell of the blues, and of his life in the country down south. The songs contain a total lack of pretense and relate experiences and feelings that we have long lost sight of. Two of the selections include the standard "Stagger Lee" and Gary Davis' classic, "Candy Man". "A Little Soulful Tune" is an unaccompanied ditty telling of the birth of a song.

Taj Mahal is the antithesis of the south - he sings of a heritage seeped in simplicity, honesty and a genuine love for life. He loves his music and is proud of its roots. Perhaps his philosophy of life is best explained in the lyrics of "Annie's Lover": "Annie's lover was a big ole man, He was a funn'in man, Never spend much time worry bout the people in the big city, ... Sat on the hill-side, playing his guitar watching the whole world come down in harmony." **A.M.**



**LED ZEPPELIN I & II**  
**Atlantic SD 8236**

An album appeared on the Atlantic label several months ago which rocked the music world of pop. The group called themselves "Led Zepelin", the latter part of their name taken from the famous German durgible which exploded and resulted in one of the greatest tragedies of our century. The lead vocalist is Robert Plant who understandably relies on the creative genius of lead guitarist Jimmie Page. John Paul Jones and John Bonham make up the rest of the band.

Their first album explores the variety and ability of these great artists. Page is outstanding on lead and almost makes his instrument speak. Plant acquiesces to these musical gymnastics and expertly uses the vocals as a fourth instrument.

Their second album, however, doesn't quite make it like the first. Recently released on the Atlantic

label, it seems more like a poor follow-up rather than the recording of a worthwhile musical experience. Like a hangover, the second album strikes one with sordid after effects -- somehow the creative genius of the night before is missing. Led Zeppelin had tremendous control in their first cut; they never got caught in the rut of noise which seems to be Hendrix's problem. But, in the second album, they lose this control and fall in the proverbial rut.

Led Zeppelin 11 isn't a failure; it's just not a classic like their original. It's good rock but it's not sensational. **P.C.**



**N.Y. ROCK AND ROLL ENSEMBLE**  
**Faithful Friends**  
**Atco SD 33-294**

When one groups five students of the Julliard School of Music in New York City, the odds are usually in your favor to come up with something decent. The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble is composed of five such students. Already recognized as an excellent chamber quintet, they have added another dimension to their music - solid rock.

In addition to the traditional rock group set up, they employ oboes, cello and english horn. Both of their now released albums reflect the influence and genius of Johann Sebastian Bach. Everything they do has the undertones of this master of the Baroque epoch.

They do a quiet and just rendering of Hendrix's "Wait Until Tomorrow". Apart from this and the use of Bach's sonatas and Brandenburg suite, the product is all theirs. Their sound is also impregnated with the air of New York City.

Their music travels from the seemingly absurd on "Does Your Monkey Do The Bird" to some of their own quasi-classical material like "The Seasons". The greatness of their talent however, lies in their balance. The words never interfere with the rhythm - rather than oppose each other, they complement. If you dig good rock (non-commercial and unadulterated) and good Bach, I advise you to get both their albums.

**Pat Crawshaw**  
 see "RECORDINGS" page 6



# Recordings

## Continued ...

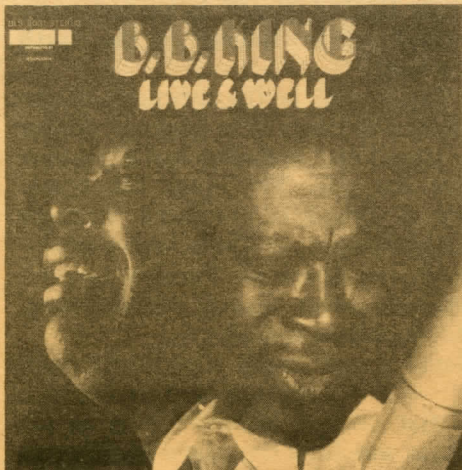
FATHERS AND SONS



### Fathers And Sons Chess LPS 127

It seems quite impossible to get together a "super-session" these days without the ego-hangups and 15 minute funeral dirges. This stereo-type has finally been shattered in the form of "Fathers and Sons", a one act morality play featuring Muddy Waters as the Messiah, Otis Spann as his brother, and Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Duck Dunn, Sam Lay, Buddy Miles, Phil Upchurch and a host of others as his disciples. FAS serves as a lesson in blues but most of all, humbleness. Its impossible that a record could be so good and yet so humble. All the disciples form (much to everyone's awe) a rhythm section. They are far from perfect but that's good because the element of straining is important to blues. Like a family reunion they go into easy movers like Blow, Wind, Blow, Can't Lose What You Ain't Never Had, Walkin' Thru' the Park, and old favourites like All Aboard (Alias Mystery Train), Baby Please Don't Go, and a superb live version of Got My Mojo Workin'. The main object of FAS is simplicity and a special type of humbleness that comes only with blues. I keep mentioning the word "humble" and I know it gets monotonous but when something comes out that is refreshing and there is only one word to describe that thing you have to use it a lot. The power of a smile is dominant in FAS. (Spread dat bottle of happiness around). On the live album, the power is there again. Muddy sings and the audience

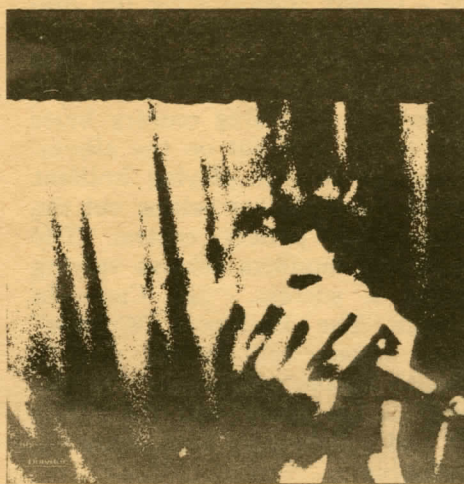
responds. People shout, people clap, people smile. The album is fresh and innocent with its easiness, intense in its moodier parts. Bloomfield's solos are short and simple and for a change, unpretentious like most 'blues' guitarists recently. In some parts he sounds like Buddy Guy but his main riffs are like the first Butterfield album. There is also some slide work that is actually admirable in its crudity and short blunt lines. The traditional voice-harp-guitar exchange works well here in what is probably one of the nicest blues records to come out in the past few years. Fathers and Sons is a family reunion. **Mike Hammer**



### B.B. King: Live and Well Blues Way BLS6031

What Muddy has in country gut power, B.B. King has in city slickness. B.B. is every bit as humble as Muddy but he has a more elaborate way of doing it. The brass arrangements are solid and B.B.'s guitar work is probably the best he's done to date. The 'Live' side is recorded at the Village Gate in NYC and has more of the atmosphere of a smoke-filled basement and a few guys sweating away rather than a dancing-in-the-streets thing on FAS. B.B.'s solos build and build until the audience cries from exhaustion and then his smooth tenor voice takes over for a while until the next exciting solo. The 'Well' side has an eight - minute number called "Why I Sing the Blues" with some effective lyrics, great guitar, and a bass line at the end fadeout that leaves you limp. Al Kooper plays on the

'Well' side and for once he does something tasteful. B.B.'s field is urban blues and with his superlative playing, singing, and electric presence he proves why he is "The King of the Blues". **M.H.**



### John Mayall: The Turning Point Polydor 543.0299

Another album in a somewhat similar vein is "The Turning Point" (Polydor 543.029), John Mayall's latest. Mayall has been a blues man for more than 15 years and has always been at the forefront of any avant-garde blues movement. He has gone through the phases of the heavy Clapton era, the old rinky-tink piano blues, the slide guitar phase, the brass thing and now into something new. Mayall has chucked the drums, organ, fuzz guitar lineup in favour of acoustic guitar, sax-flautist, sting bass, and harp. The album was recorded a few months ago at the Fillmore East, and the audience's response is just, a beautiful applau-



se for a truly talented musician. Johnny Almond, the tenor sax, and flautist closely resembles some of Coltranes work in "California" a 9 minute raga-jazz piece that can only be listened to at sunset in a dark room looking out a small window at the water. Listening to his solos is like watching a madman dreaming, thrashing about violently, straining, exploding, head stretched back, adam's apple reaching up, and finally falling down unconscious, drained, squeezed dry, eyes closed.

Mayall also has some decent lyrics as in "The Laws Must Change", "I'm Gonna Fight for You B.J.". The record is predominantly folk blues, with jazz influxes in the

sax and flute solos. There are definite ties between Jethro Tull and Mayall (in this album) in their approach to music. Both are trying to stay away from all the "Hard Rock" idioms and try being soft for a change (Although there is a difference in the two because JT has drums and therefore is obligated to be louder and 10% heavier although there is a sharp contrast between the 2% milk of JT and the 35% B.F. of Led Zeppelin).

Mayall is light, breezy and once again tasteful. Both are an escape from the smog of rock into a nice big mess of fresh air, and well worth getting as a 'medicine for melancholy, (Ray Bradbury said that). **M.H.**



### Jethro Tull: Stand Up Reprise 6360

Of the four new jazz-rock-blues conglomerations to come out of Britain in the past years (Ten Years After, Led Zeppelin, Jeff Beck, and Jethro Tull), I would place as my favourite Jethro Tull if not for originality, then for taste alone. "Stand Up" (Reprise 6360) is one of the nicest albums out in recent months. It ranges from "Fat Man", an Indian thing, to "Reasons For Waiting" a soft number with nice strings, to "Bourée" an instrumental that starts off sad into a bass-flute duet, a bass solo, some classical-type stuff and finally a jazz exit. JT tries to stay short and concise enough not to be labelled as "one of these 94 minute -raga thing- groups", long enough not to be AM radio material, soft enough not to be annoyingly horny, loud enough not to be impotent.

JT is just a tremendous soft jazz-rock group whose music has enough personal power and appeal to stand up on its own in the midst of all those graduates from the Blue Cheer School of Music. They resemble Traffic in parts, but in songs, they reveal snatches of Cream (I know, all you freaks are going to point at me and argue when you hear "For a 1000 Mothers" and "We Used to Know", nobody's perfect). Lyrically, they are very satisfying. "Back to the Family" describes the communal country thing sweeping the sane half of the world. Those who heard their last single "Living in the Past" can truly admit it is somewhat better than Alvin Lee yelling, "I wanna baaaaaalllllll yewwwwww....." Ian Anderson's flute style actually does resemble Roland Kirk in his over-breathing but his lines fit and are exciting in their simplicity. One of the virtues of JT is their ability to switch forms in a song just by adding or subtracting instruments to a specific song. **M.H.**





# "Dust be Diamonds, Water be Wine, Happy, Happy, Happy all the Time, Time, Time."

*"Dust be Diamonds, Water be Wine, Happy, Happy, Happy all the Time, Time, Time."*

*Simple pleasures. All dust diamonds. All water, wine. Every sound a song. Every child a king. Every sight a masterpiece of art.*

Q: "Do you think your audiences go for the air of mysticism surrounding the show more so than the lyrical content or music?"

A: (Robin Williamson) "I think our music is no more mystical than the average morning."

The Incredible String Band are no more mystical than the average morning, or blooming of a flower, or birth of a child, or average puppy. They are just tall, hairy, articulate children. Their music is a lifestyle, a type of perception. Almost totally cut off from the harsh cries of injustice, political comment, and all the other things that make up a good contemporary song, they write down what they see and sing it. Rather than demand answers, they tilt their heads to the side like dogs and ask an innocent, "Why". Its truly odd.

The ISB pursue butterflies, tell stories, and explore every corner this world has to offer, while others chase abstractions and their leftwing rightwingcommiehippie fascistcapitalist neo-things. They lead neo-lives, thinking neo-thoughts. The world is potentially a bigger turn-on than any chemical, a holier one, and definitely more serene and beautiful.

Mike and Robin see struggling souls, and sing songs of puzzlement or reply. They are almost too simple and logical to be real ("You know what you could be/Why do you

worry all the time what you should be"; "Maya, Maya, All the world is but a stage. Be thou the joyful player!")

Their innocence is infectious and highly contagious, especially within hearing distance. The magical thing about them is that there is no difference in them on or off stage. After the show a privileged few including myself sat with them on the floor of the PDA lobby and talked. Like all the pictures of developing embryos you used to see, there were four little cellular circles of people.

Rose reminisced about Woodstock, and talked in soft tones of little things like how she used to listen the ISB records before she joined them (She has been with them for a year). Licorice asks if anyone wants a bite of the enormous apple she is munching on. The dozens of tiny little bites remind you of a baby holding

on to the hand of an older person, and show what a gentle person she is. Both girls are very sweet and gentle and remind you of a chorus when they sing. Licorice gazes out on the ocean of faces during numbers and seems to be hypnotized by the illusory infinity of them.

Mike talks about how the group was formed etc., and Robin tells fairy tales about the poet that lived down the road from the house they live in several hundred years ago and all the people around him are listening intently with bloating eyes and dripping chins. Heads on elbows, eyes on Robin, ears on Robin.

Robin says their music is directed towards those who wanna dig it. Those who dig it come to the shows, those who don't, don't. Those who come, come because whatever they wish to express, Robin and Mike express so much better, they do

thing with feelings that the audience can't. They see all the things the audience looked for but only found blurry images of, and finish the half-uttered utterances of their followers.

It's unfortunate that the reason for their presence and the presence of those of their type in music is because of the faults of those that listen. I love them because I will be sitting in the corner with the world on my shoulders and the four will tap me on the shoulder and tell me stories and make it all right.

It confirms something I'm afraid to say, "I don't want to grow up"! Spin me a living being with your sitars and harps and violins and drums and castanets and gimbri and pianos and teetering voices (Both Mike and Robin seem to be having a constant duel with puberty, sometimes even being taken prisoner) and textured phrases.

The search to find. Look to see. Listen to hear. Touch to feel. Sing to be. Continuous birth. Every moment more important than the previous one (This moment is different from any before it/this moment is different, it's now"). Every minor incident a miracle. Every particle of dust a diamond. Every drop of water of cup a wine. We should try to be happy all the time, time, time.

Looking back about the most haunting moment of the show was when Licorice chanted, "You are the way". Incidentally for all you kids; Literature freaks in English 101, they actually did use the riddle on page 35 of Squirrel Nutkin in Koeaddi There from "The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter". Robin confessed to it.

**Mark Hammer**



## Incredible String Band Concert

A page of history was revisited recently in the form of the Incredible String Band concert at Place des Arts. To be more precise, ISB's time machine was not relegated to one specific era but rather jumped from century; encompassing the music of India, Europe and America.

The authenticity of their performance with reference to these three areas was not contained merely within their lyrics and style. They had mastered the various instruments as well. They were able to reach back into different cultures to show us some of the earliest forms of musical expression and communication.

The stage setting was remarkable. It looked like the preparation for a chamber orchestra Vanilla Fudge concert. There was an organ at one end and a Steinway at the other. In the middle there were two large amplifiers and a set of crude, pre-Ludwig drums. Four chairs and a dozen microphones were strewn across the stage.

ISB began as a jug band in Scotland in 1965 and gradually evolved into Robin Williamson, Mike Heron and two girls, known as Rose and

Licorice. Their intense versatility was evident right from the start of their show. Their opening presentation was an Indian raga featuring the girls on tablas, Robin on acoustic guitar and Mike on sitar.

Due to the audience's limited experience with this genre of music the song was not received well. Flashes of a disaster? When they asked everyone to turn to the person next to them and say hello, there was laughter. Flashes of razzing ISB that once emitted, is contagious and provokes responsive appreciation from an audience. It is difficult to categorize their magic - perhaps a combination of warmth, humour and happiness along with confident and professional musicianship. At one point or another, every member of the band played almost all the instruments on stage. One song would see Rose on electric bass, Licorice on drums, Robin at the piano and Mike playing organ. After the number, they would move around on stage and pick up four entirely different instruments and begin again.

They did a brilliant interpretation of early American country music

using violins as fiddles and possessing perfect vocal inflection. Then they switched to the old English ballad. Accompanying themselves on the flute, the Irish harp, and guitars, they captured the essence of one of the earliest forms of story telling. It was a trip back into the days of King Arthur and damsels in distress and fairy tales and times gone by. a picturesque voyage into an age long forgotten.

Individually, Mike and Robin have distinctly different voices. Mike could easily be the lead singer for a British blues band. His voice is strong and his wailing style is reminiscent of Jack Bruce. Robin is a 16th Century Tiny Tim. He runs up and down the vocal scales, never hitting any note in particular but edges around them. He takes a bit of getting used to, but it soon becomes obvious that his singing is an essential catalyst to the sound of ISB.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the evening was a song called "Queen Jaunita and Her Fisherman Lover".

It tells of a girl who is captured by an octopus and is rescued by a

fisherman who kills the octopus by tripping on a root and putting his finger through the monster's eye.

Despite its apparently morbid theme, the song is a brilliant collage of various styles culminating in a wild, rousing chorus that even had the audience singing along.

Unfortunately, the concert was hindered by technical difficulties.

The sound mixing was dreadful and the harmonies suffered from a lack of clarity. At times, certain instruments and vocals drowned out the others. Preparation for a concert such as this was obviously inadequate.

However, ISB rose to the occasion and won the respect and admiration of the crowd-so much so, that they were still yelling for more ten minutes after they had left the stage.

It was a joy to see a group as happy in their music as ISB were. Despite the complexities and intricacies of their music, they still manage to enjoy themselves and give the impression that it all comes naturally.

**Angus MacKay**



The artist has always led an intense life. He has played the role of both outcast and hero; he has created his works in the most dilapidated shacks or amidst the exuberance of a Versailles. But, despite his immediate environs, the artist has always been the commentator on civilization and the nature and problems of man in that civilization or society.

Thomas Mann has commented that writers are those people who have the most trouble writing. Enlarging upon this observation, it seems to me that artists have the hardest time commenting on man and society. This results in the intensity with which they live. The relentless urge to capture - **perfectly** - a moment in life on canvas allows the artist to sense a profound joy or an utter frustration. Because the frustration experienced is so intense, the thwarted artist may even become neurotic because he cannot cope with the irreconciliation. This is what Otto Rank means when he says that the neurotic is the artist who cannot transmute his conflicts into art.

The artist expresses, or attempts to express, his "conflicts". These conflicts can be of a different nature depending on various elements such as environment, historical era, personal traumas, etc. For example, "evil, the dream, the spirit of the earth", seems to have been the primary preoccupation of the great imaginative artist of the 15th century, Hieronymus Bosch. The death of God, symbolizing a metaphysical void, seems to affect a good number of modern artists like Kandinsky who writes in his book, *On the Spiritual in Art*: "Heaven is empty. God is dead." This irreconciliation is phrased another way by the great Italian painter Giorgio de Chirico when he asks: (1908) "And what am I to love if not the enigma"? Chirico was involved with the "ghostly aspect" of things and was profoundly influenced by Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. "Schopenhauer and Nietzsche were the first to teach the deep significance of the senselessness of life, and to show how this senselessness could be transformed into art. . . The dreadful void they discovered is the very soulless and untroubled beauty of matter."

Chirico is an example of the more nihilistic or "absurdist" artists of the modern era. The opposite pole of the enigma views the very same situation but out of the conflict of these artists arises a hope. This hope is neither utopian nor does it neglect the dark realities of man's dilemma, it merely opts for the anti-nihilistic view of life. Kandinsky, although painfully recognizing this metaphysical void or rift, is not nihilistic. I believe he sees some hidden unity and purpose when he writes: "Everything that is dead quivers. . . Everything has a secret soul, which is silent more often than it speaks." Carlo Carra, another Italian artist also says: "It is common things that reveal those forms of simplicity through which we can realize that higher, more significant condition of being where the whole splendor of art resides." Another artist of purpose is Marc Chagall, the Russian-born painter of whom Sir Herbert Read once wrote: "Chagall has remained one of the most influential artist of our time." Chagall believes that: "Everything may change in our demoralized world except the heart, man's love, and his striving to know the divine. Painting, like all poetry, has its part in the divine; people feel this today just as much as they used to."

The importance of these comments is to show the **enigma** and the conflicts which every true artist feels. Without this tension, the artist would not experience intensity and without feeling the intensity and immediacy of his dilemma, he would not create because he would feel no need to. In fact, without the enigma-intensity process, the artist would be ignorant of a need to express himself for contentment breeds sterility, lack of intense awareness results in lack of expression.

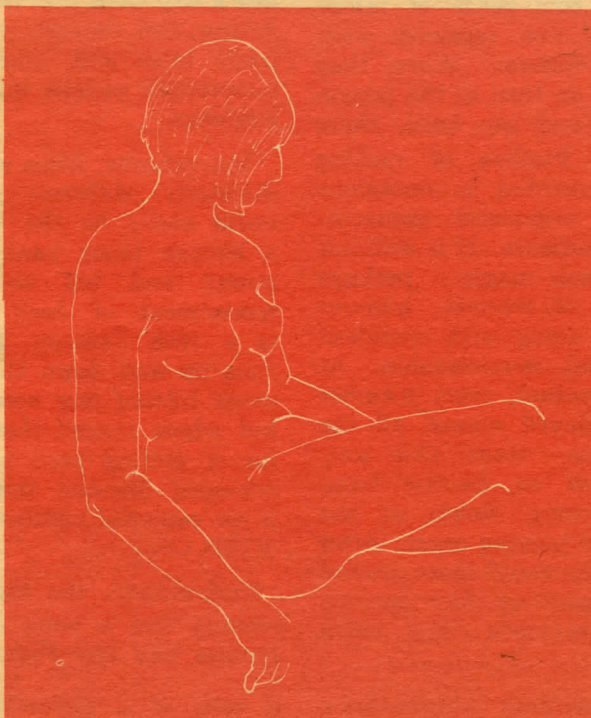
But have all artists felt this tension? Does all art express the enigma? One cannot answer these questions simply. Art is always in relation to an image of man. Hence we have such varied art masterpieces because various historical periods viewed man differently. For example, primitive cave drawings seem to be more functional than problematic. Primitive man's main tension in life was the control of nature, which he viewed as a subject, a "Thou", rather than a physical object like



## The Enigma of the Artist



by Pat Crawshaw



subsequent generations do. As the German art historian Herbert Kuhn remarks: "The strange thing is that a good many primitive paintings have been used as targets. At Montespan there is an engraving of a horse that is being driven into a trap; it is pitted with the marks of missiles. A clay model of a bear in the same cave has 42 holes."

The Egyptian and Mesopotamian art sees a marked evolution from the cave drawings. Still, nature plays an important role in this era's art; it is addressed visually as a god or gods and treated ritually. The "enigma" in this era seems to be man's relation to the gods, whom he viewed as present in all unexplained natural phenomena and in the King or Pharaoh.

Of course, the art of Greece and Rome is that of empire. Emphasis was on architecture and sculpture. Here, the artists' preoccupation was in building an empire and in capturing in marble the perfect man - muscular, athletic, courageous, and warlike. Greece depicted their gods and goddesses in their temples and the Romans chipped away at images of the perfect man, the Cesar, the emperor of a respective period.

With the conquest of Christianity and the emergence of the Medieval world, we have a shift of emphasis off man to God and things "otherworldly." The God-Satan, good-evil enigma was at the fore. Centering on God, on Christ, on the other world detached from the affairs of this "sinful" one, religious art offered artists a **deus ex machina**.

The Renaissance blew the Middle Ages sky high and got man back on the ground again. The dilemma of the Renaissance found ideological expression in humanism which also had a profound influence on art. For the first time ever in the history of art, we have self portraits. Man as himself was the important image and received special treatment during this period. The emphasis had shifted from the other world to this world, from God to man. Many portraits were painted in a stand-up position and centered on the canvas commanding the full attention and acknowledgment of the observer. This is significant; they were not painted thus by accident. Man had regained his central focus.

From the comments of some great contemporary painters cited earlier, the dilemma of man today is still man, but man in relation to society and man and his purpose of lack of it. Picasso expresses many themes, usually the disintegration of modern man in society. Cézanne captures the reality of presence, rather than forms or items. Other modern artists express the same theme or others: impersonalism in society, man as object, identity crisis, etc., just to name a few. However, the essential point here is to view the artist as commentator and his work as commentary, and a profound one at that.

Reaction to modern art is really the fear of the unknown and the security of a present world-view. "This explains much of the rabid, irrational and violent opposition many people feel toward modern art; it destroys their old world, and must, therefore, be hated. They can never see the world in the old way again, never experience life in the old way: once the old consciousness is shattered, there is no chance to rebuild it." (Rollo May -- **Love and Will**)

Modern art has added other dimensions to painting besides the traditional and fundamentally visual aspect. Art now seeks to express the totality of human experience. It is very tactile and commands the response of one's whole being. Much is left to the imagination, to be interpreted according to one's own personal experience. Again too, there is a strong re-appearance of religious motifs especially in the works of Salvatore Dali and others; but these religious themes are not dogmatic, they are underlying and express an integral part of the human totality.

In conclusion, then, I would like to again refer to the "enigma" of the artist. This is what I have attempted to evoke because it is of prime importance to the understanding of art. One must view the artist as commentator, as spokesman for contemporary man. His goal is in the expression of some reality. Although he may at times create for the hell of it, more often than not he is telling us something about ourselves.





No. 5

In the early days of June, some eight years ago, I had the good fortune of having five days off between final exams at the Gregorian University in Rome and the opening of the June-July German Institute in Westphalia which I was going to attend. I decided on a lightning visit to such famous spots as the naval base at Ancona on the Adriatic, Ravenna, Rimini, Padua, Venice, Innsbruck, Cologne and on to German classes.

The visit to Ancona was unforgettable, though brief. I arrived late at night, under moonlit skies, and early next morning walked to the famous Duomo, the church which overlooks the sea from a high hill. Padua and Venice were simply too rich for a flying visit and both cities beckoned me to return. But my few short hours in Ravenna were perfect. The sky was clear and deeply blue, the air as calm as could be. It was like paradise and I still dream of my walks from one famous church to another, and the pleasant moments gazing on the most beautiful mosaics in the world.

Ravenna is, according to the guide books, an important agricultural town about 7½ miles from the sea. The town itself has a population of less than 40,000 though taken together with the nearby farms and villas the total might reach 100,000 today. The city is particularly important historically for it was the last capital of the great Western Roman Empire, and was the centre of the civilization which radiated in the west from Byzantium. While Ravenna is not as fully stocked in art treasures as Florence or Rome, what is found there is perfect, each church a jewel, each mosaic a pearl of great price.

The first church to visit is the one dedicated to Saint Vitalis, and



No. 2

this one dates from the 6th century. The dome of this church is supported by eight pillars and the structure of this part of the church is actually eight-sided, symbolic of the eighth day of eternity. A sample of one of the pillars with its beautiful capital is shown on this page. (centre). The mosaics of in this church portray themes from the Bible, Old Testament figures which recall fore-



No. 1

## Rêves de Ravenne

By W.J. Browne S.J.

shadowings of the Eucharist - Abraham receiving the three guests and offering them a meal, Melchisedech bringing out bread and wine to Abraham, Abel offering a lamb, Abraham sacrificing his little son Isaac, and New Testament figures - Matthew and the other evangelists, and four angels with the Paschal Lamb. To the left on the wall there is a splendid mosaic showing the emperor Justinian standing with Maximian with their court, while on the right of the church can be seen the empress Theodora with her ladies-in-waiting. To look upon these faces is to put us in touch with some of the most influential characters in the history of the world. The photograph could not do what these mosaics have done. The calmness of the faces, the elegant elongated figures, the dignity of these royal personages certainly conceal the turbulence of the times, but we have here exquisite works of art. Justinian I was emperor of the Byzantine Empire, reigning from 527 to 565. He was called "the Emperor who never sleeps" because of his prodigious capacity for work. A man of acute intelligence, he was deeply involved in theology

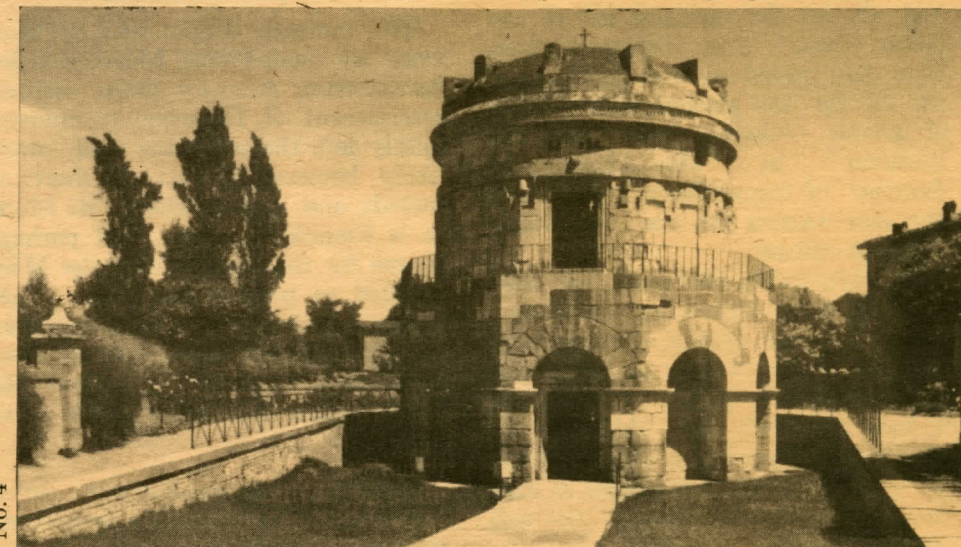
and took part in some of the most important decisions of the Church concerning the question "Who is Jesus?" The world is still influenced by the Code of Laws that he had drawn up. He was rather severe on those of the Jewish faith, those who held what he considered heretical beliefs and he was intolerant of delievers. Perhaps his greatest work was the sponsoring of the building of the most fantastic architectural gem ever constructed by mortal man, the church named Hagia Sophia, Holy Wisdom, in Constantinople.

The Empress Theodora, wife of Justinian I, was an independent co-ruler, and she too was very much involved in theological problems, taking a position different from her husband's. Opinions vary concerning this unusual woman, some calling her a pupil of demons and citizen of hell, while others addressed her after death as Saint Theodora! She was considered to be ruthless, avaricious, capricious, pathologically jealous but at the same time pious, observing all the feasts and fasts. She died at the age of 53, childless, while her husband lived to the ripe old age of 83.

Another church to visit is that of St. John the Evangelist. This one spans a period from the 5th century to the end of the second world war in the 20th century. It was built by the empress Galla Placidia somewhere in the middle of the 400's and a clock-tower was added in the 900's. It was badly damaged in the second world war and reconstructed in its original style with a cloister added on in front somewhat in the style of the renaissance. A gothic doorway can be seen in the illustration on this page, and though it may fit in with the whole piece, I find it a little out of place. (no. 2)

Perhaps the most memorable church in Ravenna is that called Saint Apollinaris the New (compared with another church nearer the sea

named Saint Apollinaris in Classe). This Roman style church, (no. 3) with its round bell tower, was built by Theodoric, the Ostrogothic ruler of Italy, somewhere in the 500's, and later consecrated by the Archbishop Agnellus as a Catholic Church. (Theodoric was involved in the execution of the great Boethius, probably for political reasons.) The doorway comes from a much later period, sometime in the 16th century, but the whole is pleasing and



No. 4



No. 3

well knit together. The most marvellous thing about this church is the procession of saints and martyrs found stretching the whole length of the church on both walls. One side has mosaics of the Wise Men who offer gifts to Jesus and the Mother of God, and a line of 22 women saints - Agnes, Agatha, Cecilia - make a devout cortege, while the other side has a line of 26 male saints and martyrs as they approach Jesus.

Near the town of Ravenna is found the Mausoleum of Theodoric, built by the king himself in 520. It is a circular two-story building, (no. 4) with a roof, or cupola, of a single piece of limestone. Inside on the ceiling we find a mosaic of Christ's baptism, with twelve apostles surrounding this central design.

Finally, just outside Ravenna, near the sea, is the church of Saint Apollinaris in Classe, built and consecrated in 549. This is one of the finest examples of early Christian basilicas. The bell-tower (no. 5) is later, built in the 11th century. The apse has a beautiful mosaic of Saint Apollinaris, while the dome has a blue sky studded with stars and a great jewelled cross with the head of Christ in the centre, the whole work symbolizing heaven.

The city of Ravenna was the place where the great Italian poet Dante died and he is buried near the Cathedral. He found protection in Ravenna in 1317, having been exiled from Florence. There he wrote a major part of the Divine Comedy. He passed away in 1321. It is not impossible that he found inspiration for the third part of his great work, "Il Paradiso" from his stay in this city which is truly a paradise.



# The Messiah: First impressions

At first I was quite apprehensive.

I am not especially well-disposed to vocal classical music. To be frank, I'm unsympathetic towards it.

Even though I do enjoy experiencing artists who have the ability to control their voice as if it were a musical instrument, I cannot comprehend the reason for indiscriminate repetition of the same lines.

On hearing the work, I was pleasantly surprised. "The Messiah" was written in 1741 by Handel. Handel allegedly wrote it to please English audiences as he wasn't gaining favour with them for his Italian operas. Contrary to the Passions and Canatas of the period, "The Messiah" employs only quotes from the Bible. The entire life of Christ is dealt with for the first time in this work. Not only do the quotes employed describe the life of Christ historically, but also his character and beliefs, through reflections and meditations from both the Old and New Testaments. It is an extremely powerful work, and is awe-inspiring when one considers Handel's strong feelings which emerge from his music and the respective Biblical quotes.

The score itself is quite interesting. Handel utilizes a string and woodwind orchestra, his style varying between homophonous and polyphonous passages. He also employs the combined voices of the soloists as parts of the orchestra. This has a good effect, especially in the passages "The Trumpet Shall Sound" and "Lift Up Your Heads".

This work is so powerful that one is really moved by the intensity of Handel's emotions. It is obviously not a mercenary work of art.

The most beautiful and lyrical passage is "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." The most powerful passage is "Why do the nations so duriously rage together? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against the Anointed." The Pastoral Symphony, which heralds the birth of

Christ lyrical and joyous, and was masterfully executed by the MSO under Maestro Drecker.

Decker and the orchestra combined beautifully and gave a flawless performance. Kelsey Jones, harpsichord, Waletter Joachim, cello and Thomas Martin, bass formed an adequate continuo, not too obvious but definitely there.

Serge Chevanelle, trumpet, was magnificent, especially in the passage, "The trumpet shall sound..", in which he combines with the bass soloist to describe the day of judgement.

The Elgar Choir, under Graham Knott, gave an adequate performance. Although at times inconsistent, they were especially good during the passage, "Since by man came death", in which they began unaccompanied and were joined mid-way by the orchestra. But at other junctures, they seemed lacking in sound in their tenor and bass sections. They handled their work quite well as a part of the orchestra, the sopranos and tenors co-operating with

the violins, the contraltos and basses with the bass violins. One disturbing aspect of their performance was the fact that they appeared to be wearing wooden shoes and sitting on chairs without rubber guards. Each time they arose to sing, a clatter went up which destroyed the continuity of the performance. It was incomprehensible why this occurred as rubber guards could have been placed at the feet of the chairs and they could have worn running-shoes as they were placed to the rear of the orchestra.

The four soloists were Leslie Alyanakian (soprano), Lili Chookasian, (contralto), Leopold Simoneau, (tenor) and Donald Bell, (bass).

Miss Alyanakian was a great disappointment. Highly heralded, her range was adequate but not what one would expect from a top-flight soprano. She seemed to be trying to compensate for her inability to hit the high notes by singing them louder. The control of her vibrato (a trembling or pulsating effect caused by

a variation of emphasis on the same tone), was terrible. Her performance was at best inconsistent.

Mme. Chookasian was also very inconsistent and even though she seemed to be very good, had an off-night. Her projection was insufficient and her range minimal, as she went down in parts in which she could have gone up. She was excellent, however, in passages such as "He was despised and rejected of men."

Mr. Simoneau was very good even though he did have some weak parts. He has a beautiful voice, good range, and projected well.

Mc. Bell's performance was the best of the evening. He is a phenomenal artist. He has a deep and resonant voice, and is endowed with an extensive range. He is a big man and projects very well. He was able to execute finely controlled vibratos, an uncommon occurrence among basses. His renditions of "The trumpet shall sound..." and "Why do the nations..." were excellent.

The audience was typically apathetic and passive. At the end of the second part, the audience traditionally rises for the "Hallelujah", and, in Europe, joins in with the choir and soloists. Not here! They just stood up and seemed unaffected by this climatic finale. Anyone who did try to sing along was discouraged by disparaging glances.

When the Messiah is next performed, I intend to experience it again. It is powerfully moving and very ecumenical.

This is my last review of 1969. I wish all of you a Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, and Joyous New year.

Especially to the following; René Laporte, Doug Leopold, André Pelletier, Gina Roitman, Mlle Matthew, Mme. Comtais, Mrs. Drummond, Lilian Wylie, and all others involved in promoting the arts in our fair city -

May the coming year see the fulfillment of all your goals. Love

david



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Place Des Arts  
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## Star Dollar Concert

Last Tuesday night Montreal was once again afforded the chance to glut itself with classical music - and all for the nominal fee of one dollar. Yes - Star Dollar Concert time had rolled around again, and the Forum was packed with a mass of people, ranging from "Joe the Plumber" to "Mrs Charrington Smythe" of Upper Westmount. Each one was waiting for the same thing - Instant culture.

At eight-thirty the man that they had all been expecting - the boy genius - Zubin Mehta - strode onto the podium, and was accorded the hero's welcome, which he most definitely deserved. Mr. Mehta is an extremely talented and able conductor, who consistently manages to lead his musicians effortlessly through the most difficult passages.

Last Tuesday night was no exception. His timing was faultless, and his control expert and absolute.

The concert began with a short work by Jean-Pierre Morel entitled **Antiphonie**. A misty piece, vaguely reminiscent of Debussy, it unfortunately left the audience cold, most likely because it was so short on melody and long on effect. Mr Morel is a French-Canadian, and perhaps it was for this reason that the MSO decided to present his music. They made a rather poor choice however, for although his work may be technically brilliant, it lacked the spark which can make notes come alive.

Morel's impressionistic drivel was followed by **Dvorak's Symphony No. 5 in E Minor** (better known

as the New World Symphony). If Mehta had lost the support of his audience during the first offering, he certainly regained it with this work, which is considered by some to be Dvorak's "piece de resistance". Completed in Spillville Iowa in 1893, this symphony still retains its universal relevance. People liked it then, and, as was seen on Tuesday night, they are still "digging it" today. Technically, there were a few slip-ups, but the total effect was so overwhelming that these were quickly forgotten.

The highlight of the entire evening came in the second half of the programme - Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's **"Pictures at an Exhibition"**. This powerful work was occasioned by the death of the artist

Victor Hartmann. To commemorate his unfortunate demise, Moussorgsky attended an exhibition of his paintings, and afterwards decided to write a suite based on his impression of eleven of the pictures that he had seen there. Today, Hartmann's work seems bulbous, overbearing, and horribly out of step with the times. Moussorgsky's suite, on the other hand, is still vital and contemporary. Under the expert direction of Mr. Mehta, the MSO made it seem all the more alive, and further helped to prove the old adage that-

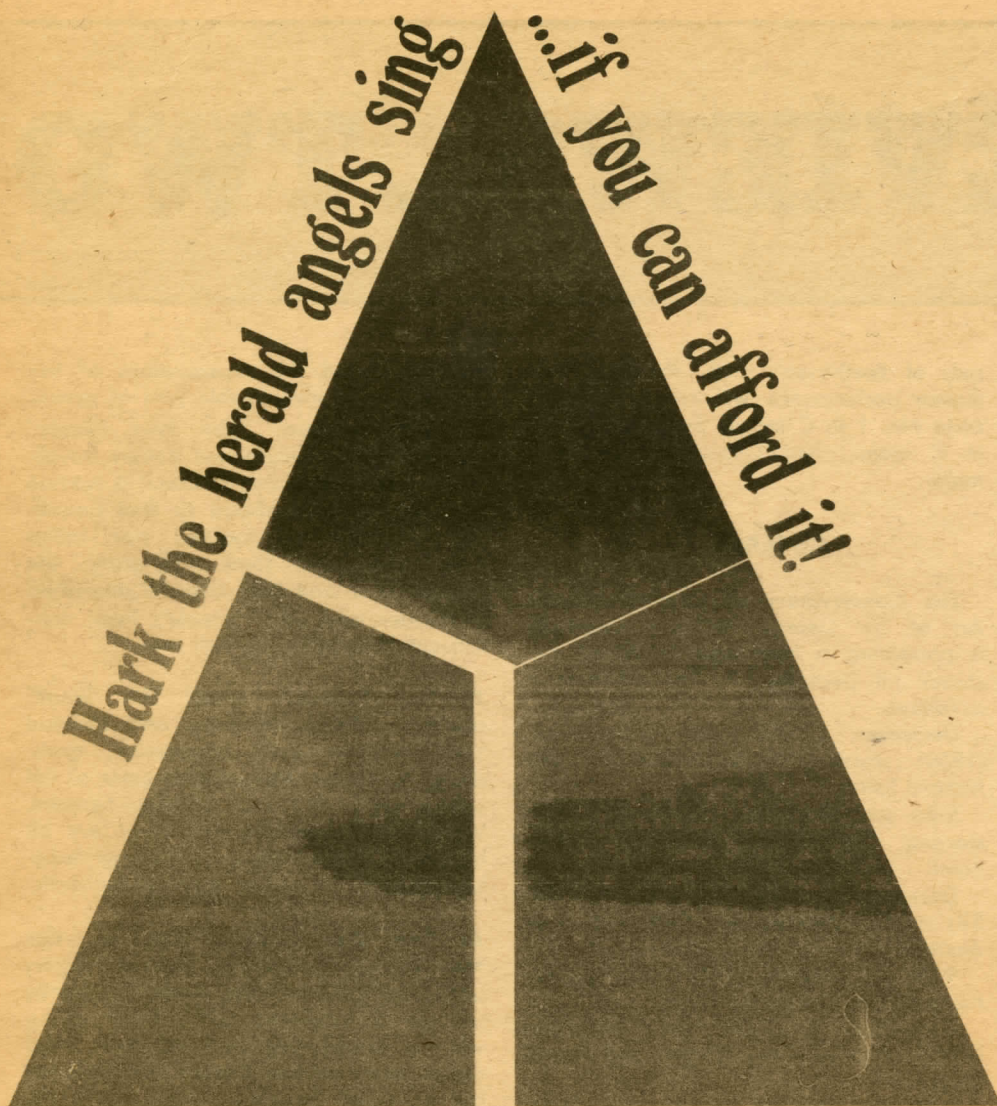
All things shall perish

From under the sky

Music alone shall live

Never shall die.





by Judi Kouacs and Niels Hodsman

For this year's Christmas gaiety and good cheer I feel that the Museum of Fine Arts has fallen short of the mark. For their season's greetings they have an exhibition of several groups of choirs and dancers displaying their talents.

As you walk into the museum two PTA ladies stop you and demand a dollar to see the show. For a dollar entrance fee, you imagine that the show must be really something.

The first thing that meets the eye as you climb to the landing of the display is a sea of heads; each one peering and craning to see. Little children perch on father shoulders staring wide eyed at the proceedings. Once in a while a guard comes around to check if you have bought a ticket and throws the ones who don't have one out.

The day I went to see it, there was a Lithuanian dance group going through their steps. In the background came strains of high eastern notes that sounded foreign and mystical. To this music the dancers, dressed in their national costumes lallygagged and pranced around ringing in the Christmas spirit, attracting and luring her (the Christmas spirit) with every rite and culture tactic that materialism a la 20th century heritage could condense into some significant pageantry. Signifying what?

Behind the dancers were grouped three Christmas trees. Each of these was roped with tinsel and bulbs. At the top of each tree stood an angel holding aloft a prayer book. These trees could have been very beautiful except that they were not very busy and were yellowing from lack of moist and old age.

The setting of the display was enchanting to a degree and tried awfully hard to promote the Christmas spirit. Maybe if it had been better

arranged and if you didn't have to fight your way through a crowd to see it, there would have been more enjoyment and appreciation. The fact that there was a crowd, shows only that it was well publicized, and perhaps much talked about in the spheres of those who don't very much about Jack Spratt's fatless Christmas.

I am sure most people love to engage in being the most genuine fakes of the year around Christmas, and then return to being phoney fakes with genuine misgivings the rest of the year. And we must concede that 'most people' is precisely the other guys around us who don't really know why they celebrate anything unless there is something palpable some booze, some friends, some business, or, some presents. And when a little choir of boys who are the most innocent blind of the crowd at the museum do their dance there arises in the palpitating hearts of the lookers on a feeling of "ahhh inziissweeeet" What is sweet; the kids? What they represent?, or just some great big bundle of emotion that lets a tear trickle off an old lady's powdered cheek, who sees the sure sign of better things to come in the kids who do the dance.

I could say love but that's a scary word even in print because it rolls off the tongues of the acid head Bob Dylan's and the Beatles latest songs, a seventeen year old fat girls conversation, and is not understood by those few who say "love is understanding." If you can love then you know what a wish is; if you can love you know what this polemic is, if you can love you will have a merry Christmas and your days are already merry, and Christmas is but another set of substances for your love. Even now I have said too much and yet not enough.

## FILM REVIEWS

Z

Currently playing at the Cinema Vendome to record-breaking crowds is this first-rate thriller based on the assassination in May 1963 of the Greek liberal deputy Dr. Gregorios Lambrakis.

In 1963 at Salonika, Lambrakis, a professor at Athens University presided at a ban-the-bomb rally, protesting the installation of Polaris missiles. He was run down by a motorized cart and killed. An accident was the official verdict, one heavily criticized by the Opposition and the press. Papandreou's accusations led to the downfall of Karamanlis' regime. The investigation continued for three years. The left-wing government, however, did not last, and the five superior officers of the gendarme linked to a secret Fascist organization came back to duty in 1968.

The title Z is a reference to the Greek Z i meaning "He is living". This echo's the cry of Lambrakis' mourners which was "Athanatos" meaning "Immortal".

In order to avoid a libel suit, director Costa-Cavras had to keep the setting vague. This dislocation of place gives the illusion that the action could be taking place anywhere--Greece, France, America, Italy. And allusions are made to De Gaulle and the Kennedy assassination. The only times a Greek atmosphere exists are when the sparse underscoring by Mikos Theodorakis, himself a political prisoner, is employed.

Staccato dialogue, stark close-ups, sharp cutting--all create a sense of urgency and purpose as the examining magistrate methodically roots out the communist menace. They also add to the feeling that the action is taking place NOW.

Recent demonstrations resulting in violence point out that Montreal might be such a time and place. Yet the vast majority seem indifferent. Gavras, for example, uses the character of a journalist to illustrate this. Mechanically performing the function of probing people's live to get a news scoop he does not hesitate to use his third eye to victimize Z's wife distraught over her husband's death. It clicks again and again her private sorrow. His concern in helping the magistrate find the guilty one is only a bid for recognition. But certainly not that recognition which fate has in store for him.

The fact that the film was turned in Algiers and financed by the Algerien government leads one to wonder how accurate this exposé of totalitarian methods is. Nevertheless, it remains a fascinating combination of the cinema of ideas and the spectator cinema.

At the end a picture of Z is shown opposite a sketch of Lambrakis,

while a roll call of names are superimposed on them--Sartre, Euripides, Chekov, Pinter etc. Then the words: Z. IL EST VIVANT. To which I might add: HITLER. IL EST VIVANT.

### THE STERILE CUCKOO

At the Monkland is yet another bittersweet study of young love. This one centres around Pookie Adams, a madcap teenager, whose compulsive chatter and morbid obsession with death, express her isolation from those "weirdoes" around her.

Lisa Minnelli, Judy Garland's daughter, instils just the right amount of pathos into her portrayal and so elicits a compassionate response. Wendal Burton's subdued gentle young conformist fascinated by Pookie's eccentricities is a perfect foil.

The dialogue has a rich feeling for the way people talk. It is too bad that Alvin Sargent's script stresses the mother who giving childbirth and the father who never gave his daughter the love she needed. Such Hollywoodized psychology does not jell with the tragi-comedy of the script as a whole.

Director Alan J. Pakula is content to observe the action with rather static camera angles. This theatrical approach forces one to observe and listen to the characters before us. An asset at times it does not in this film help the audience to become involved. Instead there is an irking awareness that Lisa Minnelli is giving a terrific **Performance**

### CALCUTTA

At the Verdi is Louis Malle's documentary, beautifully shot in colour. For 97 minutes he ruthlessly assaults the senses with images of death, starvation, disease, and the squalor of existence. One is both repulsed and fascinated by the ugliness and filth.

Western man is alienated for Calcutta to him is an eternity away. The faces deformed by leprosy and malnutrition are anonymous and depersonalized. What is he supposed to do about the situation? He knows it exists. The statistics in the press have shown him that. Malle may have thought he was creating a document that would move Westerners to a compassionate understanding of another people's plight. In a half hour film he may well have succeeded. As it is now he has created a mood of apathy in his audiences. Brevity does have its merits.

**Ted Fox**



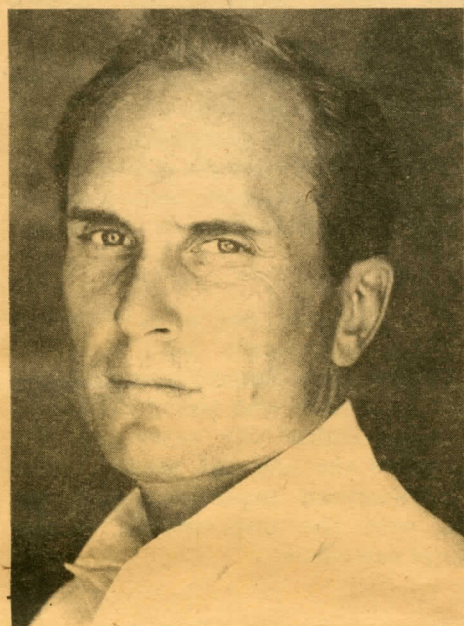
# TWO BIT PREVIEWS... TWO

## CLASSICAL

### LOYOLA

**F. C. Smith Auditorium  
TONIGHT, 8:30 P.M.  
Admission free**

In a concert sponsored by the Musicians' Guild of Montreal, Dr. T. Legrady will lead an orchestra of 24 local professional musicians through a program of the following works: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Mozart; Concerto for Viola (Robert Verbees, soloist); Telemann; Holberg Suite, Grieg; and Romanian Folk Dances, Bartok.



Robert Duval in a scene from "The Rain People".



Alfred H.

During the performance, Dr. Legrady will give a brief outline about the main themes and construction of the compositions for those who do not have too much experience in this type of music.

This concert is designed for Loyola students, for cultural advancement, and for peace through the love of music.

**M.S.O. Grand Concert  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, P.d.A.  
Dec. 9-10, 8:30 P.M.**

The guest soloist for this concert will be Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, who is regarded as one of the world's virtuoso pianists. Under the baton of resident conductor Franz-Paul Decker, he will perform Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 1 in what promises to be an unforgettable performance.

The remaining portion of the program will consist of Symphonie concertante by Dittersdorf, featuring alto Leslie Malowany and contrabassoon Thomas Martin, and Symphony No. 8 in G by Dvorak.

**McGill CHAMBER ORCHESTRA  
Théâtre Maisonneuve, P.d.A.  
Dec. 8, 8:30 P.M.**

This concert of Chamber Operas will feature soloists Claire Gagnier, soprano, and Robert Savoie, baritone. The works to be performed will be La Serva Padrona by Pergolesi and The Telephone by Menotti.

**SOCIÉTÉ de MUSIQUE CONTEMPORAINE du QUÉBEC  
Théâtre Maisonneuve, P.d.A.  
Dec. 18, 8:30 P.M.**

This concert will be performed by Le Groupe instrumental de Montréal with Serge Garant conducting and will feature the following soloists: Phyllis Mailing, soprano; Pierrette Lepage and Bruce Mather, pianists; Jean Laurendeau, clarinet.

The contemporary works to be performed are: Improvisations sur Mallarmé (lettl), by Pierre Boulez; Mobiles pour 2 pianos, by Henri Pousseur; "Remembrances", by John Hawkins; "Inerplay", (a histrionic controversy for 4 musicians); Improvisations, by William Douglas.

**PRO MUSICA SERIES  
Théâtre Port-Royal, P.d.A.  
Dec. 14, 8:30 P.M.**

The Julliard Quartet will be featured in the following program; Quartet in C major, Mozart; Suite Lyrique, Berg; Quartet op 131, Beethoven.

**McGILL FACULTY FRIDAY SERIES  
Redpath Hall, McGill  
Dec. 5, 8:30 P.M.  
Admission Free**

This concert will feature two one-act operas, directed by Edith and Luciano Della Pergola. They are: "la Pazzia Senile", by Adriano Banchiera, and "L'Heure Espagnole", by Maurice Ravel.

**McGILL FACULTY FRIDAY SERIES  
Redpath Hall, McGill  
Dec. 13, 8:30 P.M.  
Admission Free**

This concert will feature the Faculty Choirs and Brass Ensemble directed by Wayne Riddell and Donald Patriquin with works by Sweelinck, Gabrielli, Bach, Thompson, Britten and Peeters, in a program of music for Advent and Christmas.

**M.S.O. GRAND CONCERT  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, P.d.A.  
January 6-7, 8:30 P.M.**

Dino Ciani, Pianist, and the M.S.O. Choir will be featured in this concert inaugurating the celebration of the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birth. The all-Beethoven performance will consist of; Concerto No. 1 in C major, Symphony No. 1 in C major, and Choral fantasy in C major.

## CINEMA

The Conservatory of Cinematographic Art at Sir George Williams University is presenting a homage to Alfred Hitchcock till December 8. The schedule is as follows:

December 5, 7:00 pm. Stagefreight (1950) starring Marlene Dietrich and Richard Todd.

9:00 pm. North by Northwest (1959) starring Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint.

December 6: 7:00 pm. I confess (1952) starring Montgomery Clift and Anne Baxter.

9:00 pm. Psycho (1960) starring Anthony Perkins and Vera Mills.

December 7, 7:00 pm. Notorious (1942) starring Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman

9:00 pm. Dial M For Murder (1954) starring Grace Kelly and Robert Cummings.

December 8, 8:30 pm. The Wrong Man (1957) starring Henry Fonda and Vera Miles.

On December 11, "The Mouse That Roared" will be shown starring Peter Sellers and Jean Seburg. On December 18, "1984" will be shown starring Edmund O'Brien and Michael Redgrave.

The prices for all these movies is 50¢ for students and 75¢ for non-students. The films will be shown in Room H-110, The Alumni Auditorium of SGWU.

**At The Capitol:** "The Good Guys And The Bad Guys", starring Robert Mitchum and George Kennedy. This amusing western concerns the marshal of a town called Progress and his quest against the threat of on-coming outlaws. The film evolves into a situation comedy with the protectors of law and order using horses, wagons and sputtering automobiles to chase and defeat the notorious villains.

**At The Loew's:** "Change of Mind" starring Raymond St. Jacques and Susan Oliver. The film quite literally concerns a change of mind in that the hero finds himself in a black body after a brain transplant operation. The rest of the movie

centres around the repercussions of this "ghastly" and inexplicable turn of events.

**At The Avenue:** "The Rain People" starring Shirley Knight and Robert Duvall. This sentimental drama is about a woman who leaves her husband to find herself. She encounters a football star called Killer and after some nitty-gritty, the plot thickens and they become enmeshed in murder and other people's lives, consequently bugging up their own.

**At The Palace:** "Alfred The Great" starring David Hemming and Micheal York. Another epic, spectacular, grandiose, Panivision, Metrocolour giant of the screen, set in 871 A.D. Christian farmers, Vikings, and invading Norseman are all included. Reproductions of Viking long-boats and blood and gore are all authentic.

**At The Van Horne:** "Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me" starring Natalie Rogers and Don Williams. The ageless romantic triangle is examined with verility giving way to promiscuity and all that. Wild orgies and drunken brawls are included but as usual, happiness wins out in the end.

## ETCETERA

**CHARLES AZNAVOUR  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, P.d.A.  
Dec. 4, 5, 6, 13, 14. 8:30 P.M.  
Tickets: \$2.50-\$6.00**

With Jacques Brel now retired from active performances, this man is incontestably the premier French Chansonnier.

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, P.d.A.  
Dec. 15 to 20, 8:30 P.M.  
Tickets: \$3.00 to \$7.50**

This delightful musical is a must for anyone who hasn't experienced it yet.

**LES BALLETS. METROPOLITAIN du CANADA  
Théâtre Maisonneuve, Place des Arts  
Tickets: \$1.50-\$3.00/matinees; \$2.00-\$4.00/evenings  
Dec. 11 to 14.**

**Program:**  
Dec. 11 & 12: Etudes symphoniques, Schumann; "L'Homme" (67), Dekinder and Vivier; Valses et Variations, Glazounov.

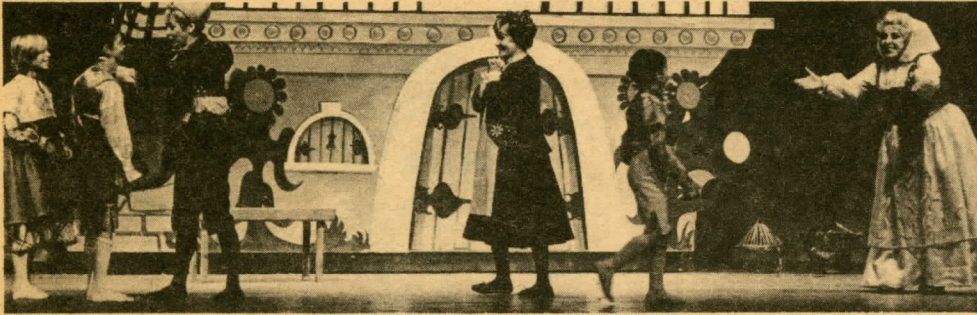
Dec. 13 & 14: Symphony NO 40, Mozart; Labyrinth, Tchaicovsky; Valses nobles et sentimentales, Ravel.



... un mélange de chant, de danse et de comédie



# BIT PREVIEWS... TWO BIT



"L'Oiseau bleu" de Maurice Maeterlinck



Robert Mitchum & George Kennedy in a scene from the Latest Warner Bros - Seven Arts release at the CAPITOL theatre

## CBC CBM RADIO 940

### Saturday, December 6, 9:03 AM

CBC Stage- the play to be heard will be "The Trap" by Czech playwright Jiri Klobouk. The piece was written on several levels as the characters' experiences and relationships shift in time.

### Sunday, December 7, 2:30 PM

Symphony Hall- Tauno Hannikainen conducts the USSR Radio Orchestra in Four Legends, Op. 22 Sibelius, Akev Watanabe conducts the Japan Philharmonic in Symphony No. 2, Sibelius.

### Monday, December 8, 10:30 PM

Theatre 10:30- "The Fluorescent Jungle", a play by Winnipeg playwright Rosemary de Graff will be aired. It concerns the behind-the-scenes glimpse of some of the events that can happen in a large metropolitan department store.

### Tuesday, December 9, 9:40 PM

CBC Tuesday Night- The Play "Silence" can be heard. The author is Harold Pinter and the play is currently being staged in London.

### Wednesday, December 10, 10:30 PM

Theatre 10:30- The play this night will be "Who Killed Mandy Wilder" The plot centres around a beautiful young artist who is found murdered in an advertising department. (Part 1)

### Thursday, December 11, 10:30 PM

Theatre 10:30- "Who Killed Mandy Wilder"? (Part 11) The plot thickens.

### Friday, December 12, 10:30 PM

Theatre 10:30- "The Reluctant Santa Claus". Produced by Dan Wood in Winnipeg, this play concerns the sudden collapse of Père Noel.

## LOYOLA THEATRE

The Communication Arts Department presents "Theatre Lives". It is being presented as an expression of the various opinions and views held by the students on life, love, beauty, and sadness. All these are to be presented in a different media.

The program is as follows; The songs of James Leakey, an original dance choreographed by Wanda Gogluska. Samson- a vignette involving a downhill fight against the dehumanization processes of a large institution- by J. Fitzgerald.

After the Costume Party- on loneliness, waiting with no hope of communication, A play in two scenes by Anne Tremblay.

The White Peril- a 3-D sculpture by Jean Décaray.

Indian Freak Symphony- a melody of violence, regret and pointlessness in five moods. By Maxim Mazumbar.

Theatre lives will take place on Saturday, December 6 from 6:30 to 10:00 PM. Admission is free.

## DRAMA

**A COEUR OUVERT**  
Théâtre de Quat'Sous  
100 Pine Est  
8:30 P.M.

A presentation of L'Atelier de la Comédie.

**ANDROCLES AND THE LION**  
Centaur Theatre Company  
453 St. François Xavier (Old Montreal)  
Tickets: \$1.75/children and \$2.75/adults.

A play with music for the young, based on the Italian Tale of Androcles and the Lion and written in the style of the Italian Commedia dell'arte.

**GENS DE NOEL, TREMBLEZ**  
Théâtre Port-Royal, P.d.A.  
Dec. 12 to Jan. 11.

Tickets: \$1.25/students with I.D.

All the imagery of our own times is linked to the traditional stories on which we were brought up-Adam and Eve, the Tower of Babel, the Three Kings bearing their assorted crap, Noah's great adventure which parallels that of today's space explorers, etc. All these elements finally produce a celebration of love, the desire for complete self-expression and creativity. A production of the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde.

## L'OISEAU BLEU

Théâtre Maisonneuve, P.d.A.  
Dec. 26 to Jan. 4.

Tickets: \$2.00 - \$3.50

This is a production of the Théâtre du Rideau Vert. This child-oriented play tells of the search for the bluebird of happiness. Even though it is performed in French, it is easily comprehensible to English-speaking individuals as the basic outline is given beforehand.

## THE AMERICAN DREAM

F.C. Smith Auditorium  
Today, 12 Noon

Admission: 50 cents (or less)

The Literary Theatre, a group of English Department faculty and interested students, presents this one-act play by Edward Albee.

## JOE EGG

Centaur Theatre Company  
453 St. François Xavier (Old Montreal)  
8:30 P.M. until Dec. 14.

Tickets: \$2.00/student weekdays, \$3.50 weekends.

Smash comedy hit by Peter Nichols. The circumstances of a problem marriage, complicated by a spastic child, become a conglomerate of deep pain and frequent, if frantic, gaiety. The result is fast-moving entertainment which at the same time speaks eloquently about the problems of marriage.

## THE ECSTASY OF RITA JOE

Comédie Canadienne  
84 Ste. Catherine St. W.

8:30 P.M. until Dec. 14

This controversial play, adapted into the French by Gratien Gélinas, tells of the trials and tribulations of a Canadian Indian.

## FAUT JETER LA VIEILLE

Théâtre Port-Royal, P.d.A.  
Sunday last day

Tickets: \$1.50/students with I.D.

Presented by the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde. Under a cover of gags and clowning, this play touches on the great social problems of today.

## LE ROI SE MEURT

Gesu Theatre  
1200 Bleury

8:30 P.M. until Dec. 10.

This play, by Ionesco, is a production of the Nouvelle Compagnie Théâtrale.

## LES ENFANTS de CHENIER dans DIGUIDI DIGUIDE HA! HA! HA!

Theatre D'Aujourd'hui

1297 Papineau

8:30 P.M. until Dec. 14.

This absolutely mad production stars Nicole Leblanc, Jean-Luc Bastien, Gilles Renaud and Jean-Claude Germain. A good grasp of jowl needed if you want to comprehend this.

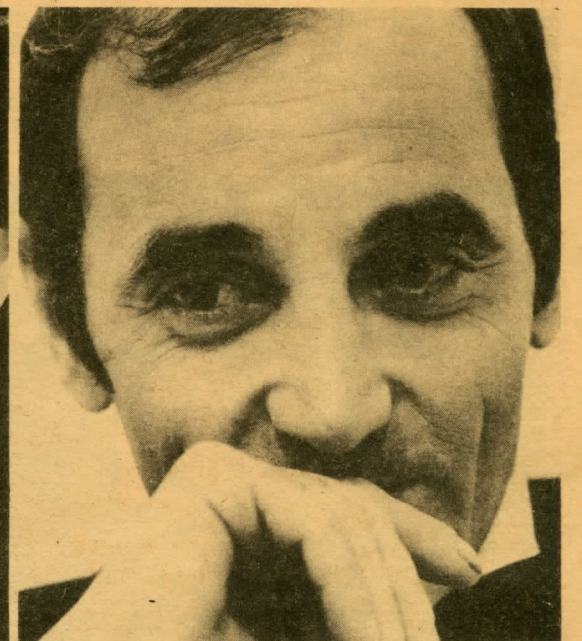
## Museum

The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts will present 63 Dubuffet works from the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

The exhibition includes five paintings-- "All With Inscriptions" (1945), Bedouin (1948), The Cow With The Subtle Nose (1956), La Juive (1950), and Beard of Uncertain Returns (1959) as well as one sculpture, three collages, 17 lithographs and 37 drawings and watercolours.



Vladimir Ashkenazy



Charles Aznavour



The Julliard Quartet



# Joe Egg

by Bob White

Brian and Sheila are your typical British couple. He's a school teacher and a frustrated painter; she's a housewife and member of the local drama group. Bri's mother is meddling old cow who goes to Julie Andrews movies. They have a nice house, collect antiques and drink imported wine. Like say, a typical middle class family---except for the fact that their eleven year-old daughter is a spastic vegetable. Peter Nichol's **Joe Egg** presents this fascinating dramatic situation: how do Bri and Sheila react after taking care of a vegetable for eleven years? What does it do to them as individuals? What becomes of their marriage? Pretty heavy stuff, eh?

No. It's a comedy.

But don't let that throw you. **Joe Egg** isn't one of those black humour things that come off like bad Jerry Lewis imitations. It's a very funny and a very sad play. And I still don't know if I liked it. Half the time I was splitting my sides laughing, the rest of the evening my stomach was in my throat. The play does something to you. It picks you up, shakes you around a bit, drops you on your dead and says,

How do you like that, ducky?" Strange thing, this **Joe Egg**.

Nichol's point would seem to be that Joe isn't the real cripple; actually Bri and Sheila are the sick ones. They spend most of the time engaged in games a la **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf**. They don't seem to be able to face one another; the only time we really learn about them is in their monologues to the audience. Something has happened to their relationship. They love each other very much, and they love Joe very much, but there's something wrong. They don't know what it is, but it terrifies them - and us. At the end of the play, after attempting to murder Joe, Bri leaves. However,

this parting doesn't seem to solve any problems. Strange play, this **Joe Egg**.

So much for profound critical insights.

Centaur Theatre's production is magnificent. Every thing is perfect, from Maurice Podbrey's direction on down to Sybil Black's costumes. First and foremost, credit must go to David Schurman for his performance as Bri. I'd call him a Galloping Gourmet with tragic overtones if that didn't sound depreciating. The man has the finest comic style I've seen this side of Woody Allen, yet he's more, much, much more than a funny actor. Those moments that called for self-awareness and insight were carried off brilliantly. Mr. Schurman conveyed every nuance of Bri's character. Thanks to Mr. Schurmann I felt I knew what was going on in Bri's mind every minute in the play. And for an actor to be able to do that! Like wow!!

Victoria Mitchell's Sheila was a perfect match for Mr. Schurmann, even if at times she tended to get on my nerves. She kept falling in and out of her English accent, but why quibble? She was communicating with Schurmann and had all the control and maturity you could ask for. A fine performance.

Myra Benson as Bri's mother was superb, as usual; as was Ken James as Freddie, one of Bri and Sheila's friends. Denise Huot's performance as Freddie's wife more than redeems her from the debacle of **Jean Brodie**. She was great.

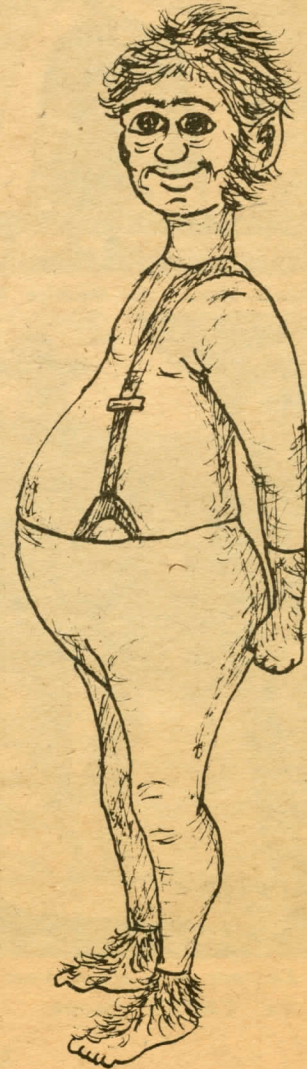
Go and see **Joe Egg**. It's worth the price of admission just to see David Schurman act; and maybe you can help me figure out where **Joe Egg** is at.

Centaur Theatre presents **Joe Egg** by Peter Nichols. 453 St. Francois-Xavier Street, Old Montreal. 288-6315. until Dec. 14. 8.30 p.m.



Richmond Jones photo

Frodo lives...



...so does the Lord

## The American Dream

Despite the fact that I don't like Edward Albee and all his paranoid expressions of anti-Americanism, anti-womanism and anti-just about everything, the production of **The American Dream** presented in the Foyer of the F. C. Smith Auditorium this week is a knock-out. Albee really enjoys tearing apart anything sacred, which maybe isn't such a bad idea, but I feel that he's said it once or twice or three times a little too often. Be that as it may, you can't help but enjoy **The American Dream** despite its pretensions, despite Albee's pseudo-absurdist style, because it says a lot of important things in a very funny way.

Bev Symons as Mommy, the Albee arch-bitch (a type of Don Rickles in drag) is biting, cruel and vicious - in short, perfect. Chris Turner, despite the fact that he can't act, tries hard and more than makes up in enthusiasm in his portrayal of Daddy, the hen-pecked hubby. Nancie Kahan was fine as Mrs. Barker, the visitor, even if at times she didn't really seem to be enjoying herself in the part. Bryan Doubt as the American Dream conveyed all the innocence-cum-corruption

necessary for what is Albee's largely allegorical figure of modern America.

No production of **The American Dream**, however, can get off the ground without an outstanding performance from its Grandma. Margaret Mary O'Flaherty's interpretation was sensational and was easily the best performance I've seen on campus this year. It's no easy trick to play an eighty-six year old woman convincingly, but Miss O'Flaherty's pace, movement - everything was A-1. I really can't find enough words to describe how great she was. You have to see it to believe it.

The play was presented in the round, and the only fault I could find with Peter Davies direction is that he made his actors a little overly aware of the audience. That's part of the comedy game, I know, but especially in the first moments of the play I felt that the players were more interested in the audience than the play.

The final performance of **The American Dream** takes place today at noon in the Foyer of the F.C. Smith Auditorium. Admission is 50c See it.

B.W.



## The ecstasy of Rita Joe

La Comedie Canadienne has a hit on their hands. Gratien Gelian's "The Ecstasy of Rita Joe" displays rich acting ability and thus a superb performance by every member of the cast. Gratien Gelina's tenderness for his characters is felt as they weave themselves through the plot. "Rita Joe" is the story of an Indian girl whose only desire is to return to the reservation where she spend her happy childhood, but she has been arrested for theft and prostitution, and the play becomes a series of flash-backs to scenes of her life as she remembers the people back home.

Every actor is colorful and individual, and Gratien Gelinas has taken the care to mold them into a complementary set of people.

When Rita Joe is raped in the final scene, the entire Indian community is raped. Gelinas does a magnificent job of recreating the exploitation and genocide of the Indians through the symbolization of the attack and death of Rita Joe. But of course Rita Joe cannot live. She is too good and loving and too innocent not to die for no reason worth dying for but the lust of three aimless men.

No stage props were used for



André le Coz photo

the play but a judge's chair and a bed; two ominous and obviously opposed symbols of inhumanity and humanity. The play was terribly human and terribly real. The language was common French Canadian slang that made Rita Joe so real. When she moans, cries and screams "Maudit" the audience winced with feeling. The play was not bitter, but a definite feeling of hopelessness

pervaded. And when you think about it, the Indians don't have too much to hope for.

Rita Joe is not given the chance to prove herself and there is no way out for her. She is trapped within the maze of her circumstances and degraded to exist within the condescending gestures of the charity people. "Si je pouvais retourner à la reservation. La j'étais heureu-

se". If we could go back. If we could go forward. But the Rita Joes of our society are forced to remain inert and stripped of their hopes.

Only Gratien Gelinas could have brought off such a heated subject with such obvious tenderness and control of his characters. He is a master of theatre writing and one of the most important theatrical figures in Canada today. e.s.

## The State of the Arts at Loyola

"Where's the audience?" - Anonymous Poet

So the handbills had been distributed, notices placed in all the key places, and last Thursday's poetry reading got under way at the Theatre Arts Centre. The cultural elite of Loyola was gathered- all 20 of them; 6 poets, 12 students, this reviewer, and one prof (Ron Wareham). Yeah, save your season football tickets, folks, the grand old Loyola tradition of apathy isn't dead yet. One wonders how many incipient Yeatses and Eliots have been killed off by this sort of thing.

After waiting half an hour for an audience to gather, the first reading began. The poets were understandably rather dejected at the turnout, and not at their best. Readers, if there are any, should keep this in mind when considering the comments below.

The first artist was Guido Paul Tondino, who has been writing seriously for about 3 years. This year marks his first attempts at public presentation of his work. He had given a reading a week prior to this one for an English 101 class which was quite impressive. This one was not. The poetry itself, which presented a series of vivid subjective impressions of the writers childhood, was interesting. Guido paints his word pictures well, and conveys his feelings competently. His presentation, however, was flat, lacking in feeling, which is deadly to even the best poetry. He literally read the poems, not once looking at the audience. His voice was too soft in a complete monotone. There were no intermediary comments to provide a

slight break, but rather one poem after another, after another etc. This makes the audience work too hard.

Bruce Perro was next. As befits a man with four books in print, two in manuscript, and numerous readings behind him, he did a thoroughly professional job. Bruce walked rapidly onto the platform perfectly self-assured, read three poems in as many minutes in an even, well modulated voice, and walked-stalked?- back to his seat. The message was clear.

Gary Boire, who followed, made the best impression of all the noontime readers. Despite his obvious nervousness- this was his first reading- he didn't allow himself to be bothered by the small attendance but concentrated on his poetry instead. The work left me ambivalent, but hopeful. There was plenty of good imagery and allegory, plus the clarity of vision which distinguished the artist from the rest of us. The rhythms were ragged in spaces, and he used some clichés, but his work seems to me to show definite promise. Gary put a good deal more feeling into his work than most of the others, but he still needs more tonal variation in his voice. Again, there was a tendency to read too much with little eye contact with the audience. He needs nothing more than a bit of practice- and some encouragement.

Anne Ricard is an aspiring professional. Her work has appeared in large number of high school publications, plus comprising a full one-third of last years Creative Writers Anthology. Her first book is in manuscript, and an advance copy has al-

ready drawn favorable comment from John Russell Taylor of the **London Times**. Her last reading at Dawson College left the audience breathless. She did not show it on this occasion. In the first place, she read only three poems, and those in about five minutes. The works were excellent, the two shorter ones conveying, in an heartbreaking manner, the existential loneliness of man. As for "A Play in Poems", its portrayal of the tragic futility of human existence rivals Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock". All the more pity then that the reading was flat, hurried and rather mechanical. "To whom much is given much is expected of him"- I expected more.

The noontime reading was closed by Rod Noble. Rod has published in several Canadian periodicals and has one book in print. His voice is excellent, carries well, and is very smooth-perhaps a little too smooth. His selection of poetry was more mixed than that of the others. He began with two "more or less" political poems, moved to two more which could be described as either metaphysical or existential (depending on ones philosophical view-point) and then a series on love and or communication failures. The style consisted on well done allegory. My one criticism was the rhythm, which tended to give a feeling of sameness. Also, the attempts at alliteration sometimes came over a bit strained, particularly the series of "f" words in one of the later poems. On the whole, Rod's poetry worked very well, and his presentation was first rate.

The evening reading began more

promisingly. For one thing, there was an addition of six friends, one set of parents and a different prof (John Blacklock this time). Anne Ricard led off this time and, after some initial nervousness, proceeded to thoroughly redeem herself for the noontime performance. She has an excellent voice, well-modulated and full of passion for her poems, and this time she used it. The audience responded enthusiastically.

Len Pacelli, who did not read at noon, followed with one of the finest readings I have ever heard. His poems are so intensely personal one feels like an intruder listening to them, yet they speak of experiences common to us all. One poem seems to melt into another and the total effect is like that of Tolkien's Elven minstrels. The poems covered several topics- love, the need and failure to reach others and the search for religious experience, but specific details tended to get submerged in the dominant mood of loneliness. Indeed, this was one of the few flaws in Len's performance. One emotional tone was stretched a little too long and began to wear thin toward the end. His voice was initially a trifle too loud for the material- probably a case of first reading nerves- and it could use more variation in tone. These are minor things, however. The overall performance was magnificent.

At 9:03 in the middle of one of Len's poems, the bomb went off. The reading ended. It was a bad day for poetry at Loyola.

**Don Roberts**



Here comes the sun

